Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke deſpaire againſt my ſelfe,
And to my ſelfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects, follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue I in thy ſorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when I ſee my ſhame in him,
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cauſe haue I,
Then, being but moity of my ſelfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowne thy cries?

Boy, Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo. Oh for our father f

Dut. Alas for both, both mi

Qu. What ſtay Had I but

Ambo. What ſtay had we

Dut. What ſtay had I, bu

Qu. Was euer widow, had

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes

Dut. Was euer mother ha
Alaſſe I am the mother of th
Their woes are parceld, mi
She for *Edward* weepes, and
I for a *Clarence* weepe, ſo do
Theſe babes for *Clarence* wee
I for an *Edward* weepe, and
Alas, you three on me threef
Powre all your teares, I am y
And I will pamper it with l

Glo. Maddam haue comfor
To waile the dimming of ou
But none can cure their harn
Maddam my mother, I doe
I did not ſee yor Grace, hum
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and
Loue, charity, obedience, an

Glo. Amen, make me to dy
Thats the butt end of my m
I maruell why her Grace di

Buc, You cloudy Princes,
That beare this mutuall hea
Now cheare each other in ea
Though we haue ſpent our
We are to reape the harueſt
The broken rancour of your
But laſtly ſplinted, knit, and
Muſt greatly be preſerud, ch
Me ſeemeth good that with
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the
Hither to *London* to be Cro

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37